

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

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AUTHORIZED
M. C. M. P.

CONFORMS
TO THE
COMICS
CODE

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER- CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

**ALL
TRUE**
CRIME
ILLUSTORIES

I'M WILLING
TO LET BYGONES
BE BYGONES BUT
CAN I TRUST YOU
TO BURY THE
HATCHET?

WHY SURE,
EXCUSE ME
A MINUTE!

THERE
HE IS, THE
GUY THAT'S
SITTING!
GIVE IT TO
HIM!

CHARLES
BIRO



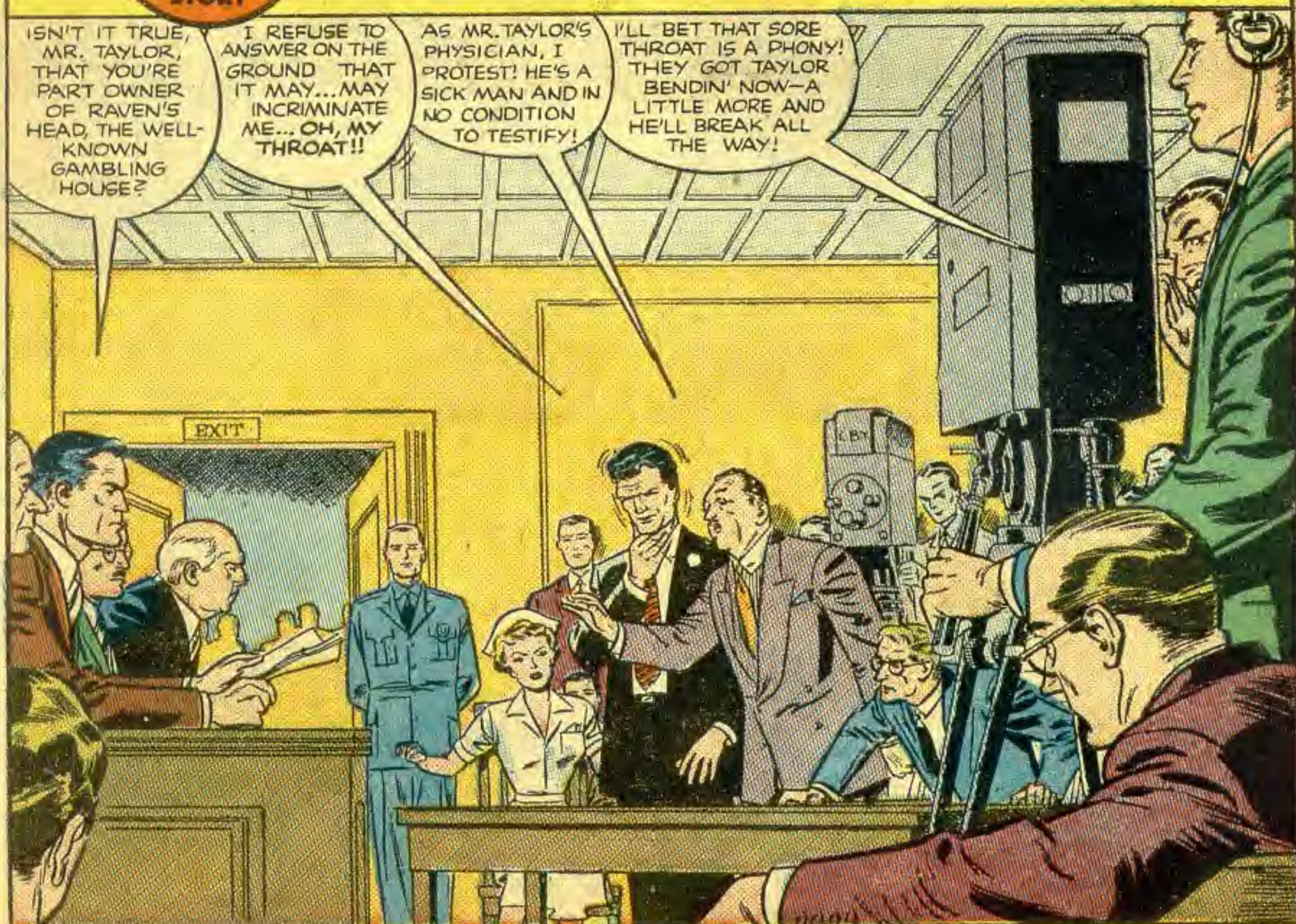
J.W. Sealow
Publications



**WEB COMIC
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The Last Stand Of
WALTER "The Profile" TAYLOR

I'LL BET THAT SORE
THROAT IS A PHONY.
THEY GOT TAYLOR
BENDIN' NOW—A
LITTLE MORE AND
HE'LL BREAK ALL
THE WAY!



HOW DO YOU
ARRIVE AT
THAT,
RUSSELL...



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



...HE WAS SHOT THROUGH THE MOUTH, WASN'T HE?

SURE, I KNOW! AND ALL I HAVE IS A HUNCH, BUT TAYLOR WAS READY TO TALK, AND IF HE HAD, IT WOULD HAVE MEANT CURTAINS FOR A LOT OF PEOPLE! THERE WAS PLENTY OF MOTIVE!



YOU KNOW, ROSS, I'VE BEEN DEALING WITH MEN LIKE TAYLOR AND HIS KIND FOR A LONG TIME! HE WAS RUTHLESS AND EVIL, BUT HE WAS BRAVE ENOUGH IN HIS OWN TWISTED WAY! BESIDES, HE WAS NOTORIOUSLY VAIN OF BEING KNOWN AS "HANDSOME" TAYLOR, HE WOULDN'T GO SHOOTING HALF HIS FACE OFF! HE'D WANT TO LOOK GOOD EVEN IN DEATH!

I'M WITH YOU, RUSSELL! PROVE IT, AND YOU'LL SAVE OUR CRIME INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE!



THAT WAS ROSS, BUT YOU MISSED HIM!

RUSSELL SAVED HIM! HE'S FAST AS A CAT!

THEY DELIBERATELY TRIED TO RUN ME DOWN! DID YOU SEE THAT GIRL? SHE WAS NANCY NOLAN, TAYLOR'S NURSE!

I THINK I'LL CALL ON NANCY'S BOSS - DR. HIGGINS!



SORRY, DR. HIGGINS ISN'T SEEING ANYONE TODAY... OH, YOU'RE MR. RUSSELL! TERRIBLE THING ABOUT MR. TAYLOR, WASN'T IT?

INNOCENT MEN RARELY KILL THEMSELVES, NANCY, BUT SOMETIMES THEY ARE MURDERED! I DIDN'T COME OVER HERE TO TALK ABOUT THAT... TELL ME, DO YOU AND SMOKY RIVER MAKE A PRACTICE OF RUNNING DOWN MEN IF THEY HAPPEN TO BE ON A COMMITTEE INVESTIGATING CRIME?



GET OUT OF HERE, RUSSELL! YES, I WAS IN THAT CAR, BUT WE DIDN'T SEE THE MAN UNTIL WE WERE ALMOST ON TOP OF HIM! IT WAS HIS FAULT BUT THAT'S JUST LIKE YOU AND THE REST OF THAT COMMITTEE! YOU HOUNDED ONE MAN TO DEATH AND NOW YOU'RE STARTING ON ME! WELL, I'M NOT ON TRIAL!

NOT YET, NANCY, NOT YET!



GET OUT, COPPER! AND STAY OUT!

MISS NOLAN! WHAT GOES ON HERE?

YOUR MISS NOLAN IS QUITE UNUSUAL FOR A NURSE, DOCTOR HIGGINS, EVEN FOR A PHYSICIAN WHO TREATED PEOPLE LIKE HANDSOME TAYLOR!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN BY THAT BUT I DON'T LIKE IT!

THE SKUNK CLAIMS I TRIED TO RUN SOMEBODY DOWN THIS MORNING! NEXT HE'LL BE SAYING I KILLED TAYLOR!

BUT HE KILLED HIMSELF, NANCY! DON'T YOU REMEMBER?

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RUSSELL KNEW THAT IF HE COULD TURN NANCY AND SMOKY AGAINST EACH OTHER, ONE OF THEM WOULD TALK, BUT DAYS PASSED AND NOTHING HAPPENED! IN THE MEAN-TIME, PRESSURE TO DISBAND THE INVESTIGATORS GREW, AND THE GOVERNOR BEGAN TO SHOW SIGNS OF GIVING IN TO THIS PRESSURE! IN DESPERATION, RUSSELL FINALLY ARRANGED ANOTHER MEETING WITH DR. HIGGINS AND THEY MET AT THE SWANKY RAVEN'S HEAD ROAD-HOUSE...



LET'S FACE IT, DOCTOR! TAYLOR WAS MURDERED! I THINK YOU AND DOAN, YOUR PAL HERE, KNOW HOW!



I KNOW NO SUCH THING! AND TO IMPLY THAT NANCY WAS INVOLVED...IS EQUALLY INCREDIBLE!

DON'T FORGET, HIGGINS, RUSSELL ALSO ADMITS HE IS SUSPICIOUS OF SMOKY RIVER! FOR MY MONEY THAT'S MORE LIKELY! OF COURSE, THAT'S ADMITTING TAYLOR WAS MURDERED, WHICH I DON'T...NOT YET, ANYWAY!

YOU AND DOAN WERE VERY CLOSE TO TAYLOR...HE MIGHT HAVE KNOWN THINGS ABOUT YOU TWO THAT WOULDN'T HAVE LOOKED SO GOOD IF REVEALED TO THE INVESTIGATORS!

I'D BE VERY CAREFUL OF WHAT YOU SAY TO US, RUSSELL! A SUIT FOR DEFA-MATION OF CHAR-ACTER WOULD COST YOU ALL YOU'VE GOT!

I REFUSE TO REMAIN HERE ANY LONGER AND BE INSULTED! I WAS AGAINST THIS MEETING IN THE FIRST PLACE! YOU KNEW THAT-DOAN!



WHERE ARE YOU, MR. RUSSELL? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

YEAH, BUT NO THANKS TO YOU!



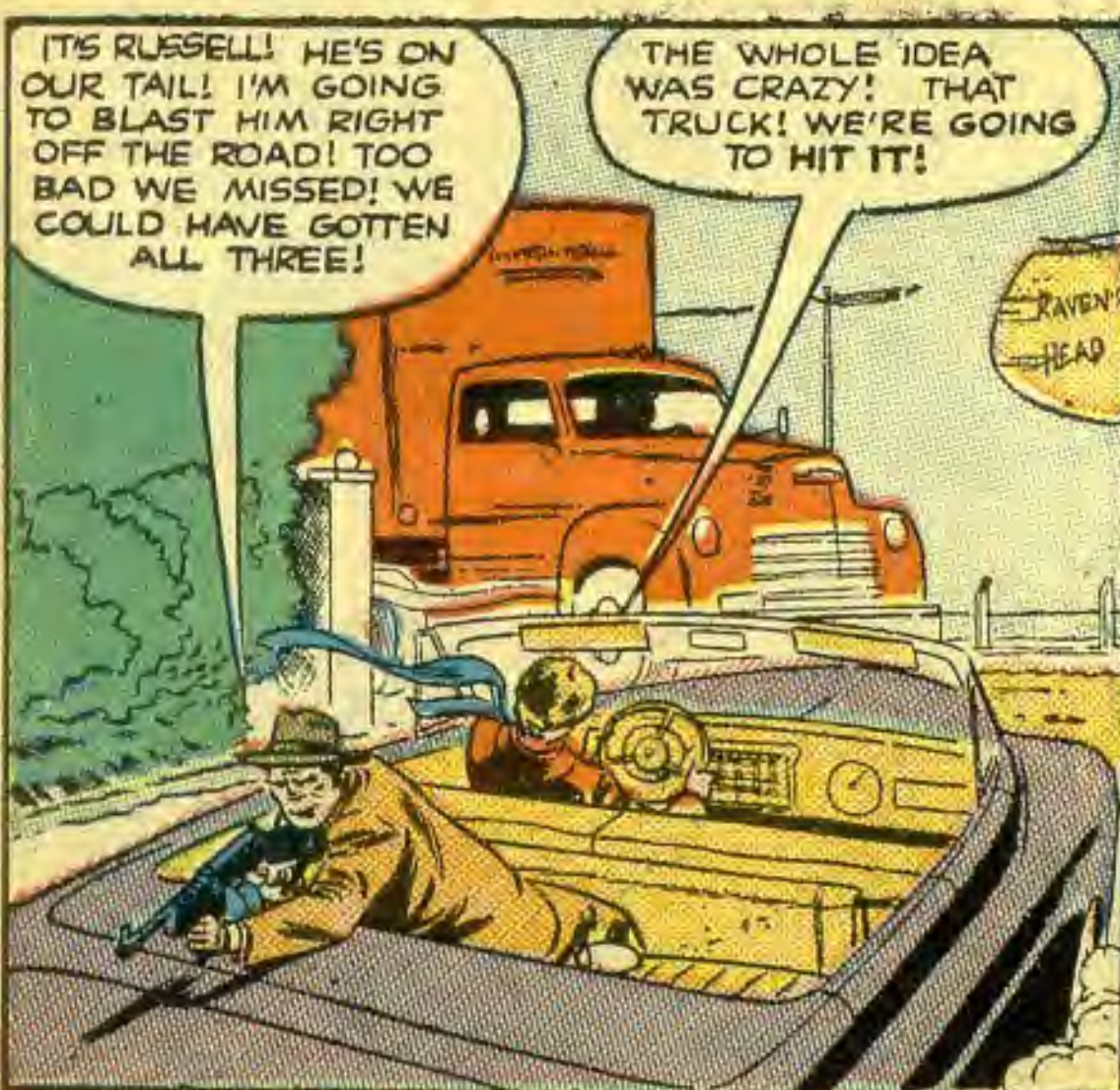
TSK! TSK! I WONDER WHO'D WANT TO KILL YOU, RUSSELL!

WOW! THAT WAS CLOSE! BUT THE WHOLE THING WAS ARRANGED BETWEEN THE FOUR OF THEM! HIGGINS AND DOAN HAD THEMSELVES WELL PROTECTED BEFORE THE SHOOTING BEGAN! THIS IS THE BREAK I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR! IF ONLY I CAN CATCH UP WITH THEM BEFORE THEY MANAGE TO DITCH THAT MACHINE! THERE THEY ARE!



IT'S RUSSELL! HE'S ON OUR TAIL! I'M GOING TO BLAST HIM RIGHT OFF THE ROAD! TOO BAD WE MISSED! WE COULD HAVE GOTTEN ALL THREE!

THE WHOLE IDEA WAS CRAZY! THAT TRUCK! WE'RE GOING TO HIT IT!



JUMP, NANCY! JUMP!

HEY, WATCH OUT! WE'RE CRACKIN' UP!



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NOW FOR YOU, NANCY! YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE... YOU'RE NOT GETTING ANOTHER CHANCE TO DO MORE!

OH, NO, YOU DON'T!



SO IT WAS YOU AFTER ALL, DOAN!

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO PIN ANYTHING ON ME! I DIDN'T KILL TAYLOR! IT WAS NANCY! YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED BACK AT RAVEN'S HEAD! IT WASN'T YOU SHE WAS AFTER! IT WAS US! WE KNEW TOO MUCH ABOUT HER!

CLICK!



YOU TOLD ME TO KEEP AN EYE ON HIGGINS AND I DO, SO I GET KNOCKED OUT BY THE OTHER GOON!

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS OUTRAGE? WHY WAS I DRAGGED BACK HERE FROM THE CHIEF PHYSICIAN'S OFFICE? AND WHY IS DOAN DRESSED LIKE THAT? HE ISN'T SICK IS HE?

YOU KNOW WHY I'M DRESSED LIKE THIS! IT WAS YOUR IDEA!

STOW IT, BOTH OF YOU! I'VE JUST BEEN INFORMED THAT NANCY IS READY AND WILLING TO TALK! SHE'S IN ANOTHER ROOM...



I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE WILLING TO TALK, NANCY! SO LET'S HAVE IT!

SURE, WHY NOT? NOW THAT SMOKY'S DEAD, NOTHING MATTERS! I LOVED THAT GUY, BELIEVE IT OR NOT! HIGGINS AND DOAN KNEW THAT TAYLOR WAS GOING TO SPILL THE WORKS! HE TOLD THEM SO, SO THEY COOKED UP A SWEET LITTLE SCHEME, EXCEPT THAT I HAPPENED TO WALK IN ON THEM AT A MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT!

WHY... YOU DOUBLE-CROSSING SCORPION!



THAT SORE THROAT OF TAYLOR'S WAS ON THE LEVEL! HIGGINS HAD BEEN TREATING HIM FOR IT FOR A LONG WHILE! BUT THIS TIME INSTEAD OF USING A TONGUE DEPRESSOR, HIGGINS SUBSTITUTED THE NOSE OF AN AUTOMATIC AND PULLED THE TRIGGER! IT WAS JUST THEN THAT I WALKED IN...

HIGGINS FORCED ME INTO TRYING TO MURDER NANCY! WITH TAYLOR'S DEATH ON HIS HANDS AND NANCY'S ON MINE, HE SAID NEITHER OF US WOULD EVER DARE TO TALK! THE SHOOTING AT RAVEN'S HEAD WAS TO MAKE IT LOOK AS THOUGH SOMEBODY WAS AFTER ALL THREE OF US INSTEAD OF JUST YOU, RUSSELL!

SHUT UP!



BOTH HIGGINS AND DOAN WERE MIXED UP IN GAMBLING AND DOPE WITH TAYLOR! THEY HAD TO KEEP HIM QUIET! WHEN NANCY WALKED IN ON THEM THEY WERE FORCED TO CUT HER IN! SHE ACCEPTED BECAUSE SHE THOUGHT SHE SAW A WAY OF MAKING SMOKY A REAL BIG SHOT! ONE OTHER THING! JUST TRY OPENING YOUR MOUTH, PRESSING DOWN YOUR TONGUE AND SAYING "AH"! YOUR EYES GO WAY UP SO THAT YOU CAN'T SEE ANYTHING IN FRONT OF YOU! I KNOW! I'VE TRIED IT! I KNEW THEN IT HAD TO BE NANCY OR HIGGINS! TAYLOR WOULDN'T LET ANYONE ELSE THAT CLOSE TO HIM! AFTER THAT IT WAS JUST A CASE OF PROVING IT!



YOU'VE DONE A WONDERFUL JOB, RUSSELL! THE GOVERNOR WANTS TO THANK YOU PERSONALLY! NOTHING CAN STOP THE CRIME INVESTIGATORS NOW!

THANKS, ROSS! NOTHING WILL EVER STOP THE CRIME INVESTIGATORS!

THE END

For
Externally
Caused

PIMPLES

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WE CAN STOP the ENEMIES OF YOUTH



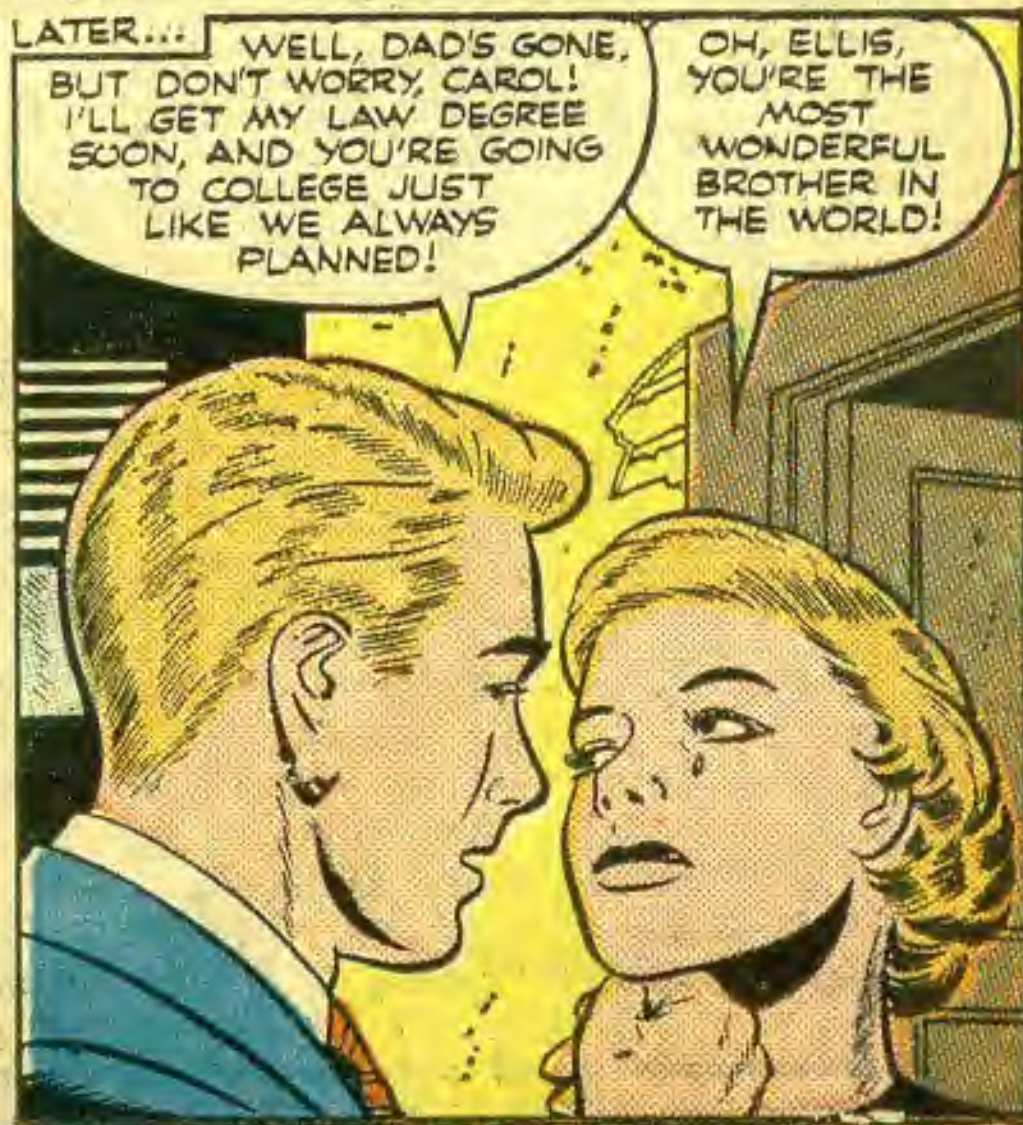
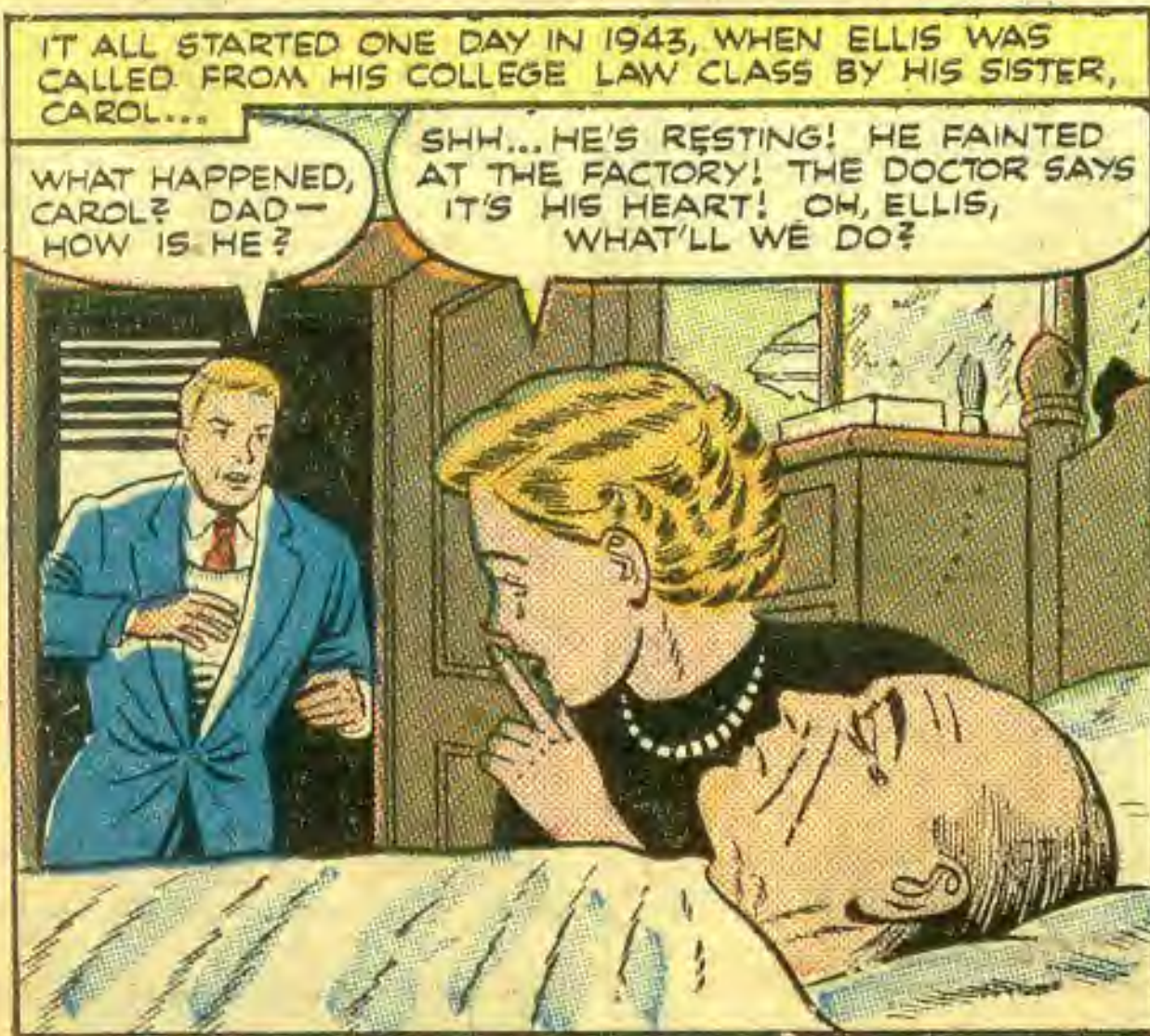
THE DOPE MENACE IS INJURING OUR YOUTH... GIRLS AND YOUNG MEN ARE ROBBED OF THEIR RIGHT TO HAPPINESS BY CRUEL AND DANGEROUS CHARACTERS WHO INDUCE THEM TO FALL PREY TO DOPE... ALL YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN SHOULD REPORT DOPE PEDDLERS TO THEIR PARENTS, THEIR CLERGYMEN, THEIR TEACHERS, THE POLICE, OR THE NEAREST SOCIAL SERVICE AGENCY... THE COMICS MAGAZINE INDUSTRY PLEDGES ITSELF TO AID YOUNGSTERS IN THEIR FIGHT AGAINST THE ENEMIES OF YOUTH-- THE DOPE PEDDLERS...

PREPARED THROUGH THE COOPERATION OF NEW YORK CITY YOUTH BOARD AND THE ASSOCIATION OF COMICS MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS...

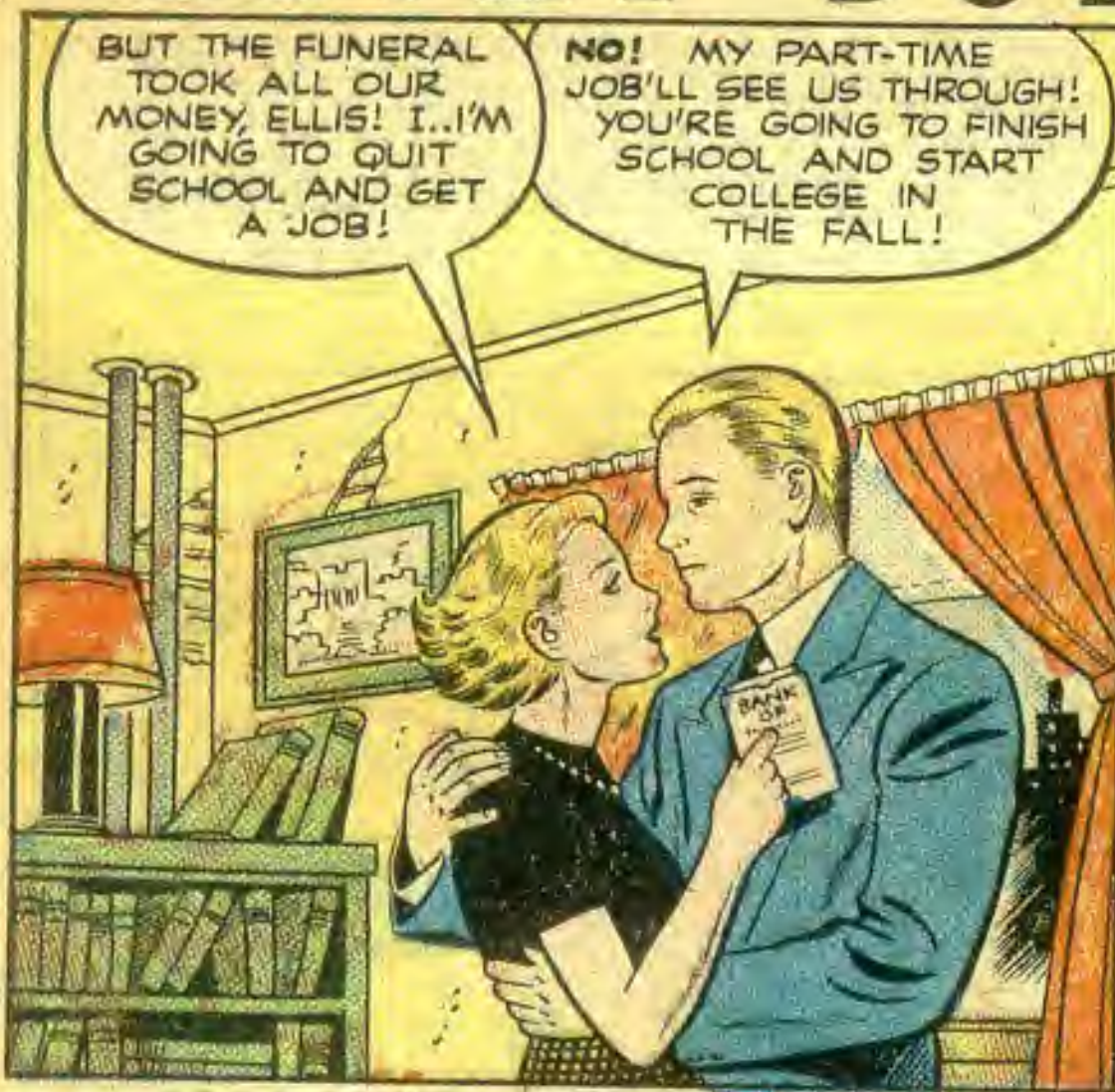


CROOKED MOUTHPIECE

WHEN ATTORNEY ELLIS GORMAN TURNED HIS BACK ON HIS PRINCIPLES AND ETHICS, GRIM TRAGEDY STEPPED IN!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



ELLIS OPENED HIS LAW PRACTICE IN A THIRD-RATE OFFICE BUILDING, AS HE COULDN'T AFFORD TO BE CHOOSY...



AFTER SEVERAL UNEVENTFUL WEEKS, ELLIS HAD TO GIVE UP HIS OFFICE...



I COULD GET PLENTY OF CLIENTS IF I WANTED—THE WRONG KIND! MAYBE IT'S STUPID BEING SO HONEST! WHERE HAS IT GOTTEN ME SO FAR? HEY, WHAT'S THIS?



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OBITUARY

FENLOW—Edwin New York, Aug. 18 Edwin Fenlow, 56, renowned criminal lawyer, died suddenly today in court. Among his many clients was Nick Quinto, well-known gambler for whom he had won many acquittals. Funeral services will be held...

NICK QUINTO...
HMM... I WONDER...

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, HIS CHIN SET AT A DEFIANT ANGLE, ELLIS PROCEEDED TO NICK QUINTO'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT AT THE CARLETON ARMS...

HOLD IT, BUDDY—JUST WHERE DO YA THINK YOU'RE GOING?

HUH? OH...ER, MR. QUINTO SENT FOR ME! I'M HIS NEW ATTORNEY, ELLIS GORMAN!

NICK DIDN'T MENTION YOU! WELL, LET HIM IN, ANYWAY!

IS THAT YOU, HARRY! HAVE A DRINK! SAY—WHO THE DICKENS ARE YOU? HOW'D YOU GET IN HERE?

M...MY NAME'S ELLIS GORMAN, MR. QUINTO! I'M A LAWYER! I BLUFFED MY WAY PAST YOUR BOYS! LOOK—YOU NEED A NEW MOUTHPIECE AND I NEED A GOOD CLIENT!

WHAT? WELL, I'LL BE A... HA, HA! YA BLUFFED YER WAY IN, EH? YOU MAY BE A KID, SONNY BOY, BUT YOU'VE GOT NERVE! I LIKE GUYS WITH NERVE! YEAH...I THINK YOU'LL DO—HAVE A DRINK!

WHY, THANKS! I THOUGHT SURE YOU'D TOSS ME OUT ON MY EAR!

OH! HERE'S HARRY NOW! HE'S MY RIGHT ARM! HEY, HARRY—MEET MY NEW MOUTHPIECE, ELLIS GORMAN! HARRY'LL GIVE YA THE LOW-DOWN ON A LITTLE TROUBLE I'M IN!

HE'S KINDA YOUNG, AIN'T HE, NICK? WELL, I GUESS YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOIN'!

HERE'S THE PITCH, KID! THE D.A.'S ON NICK'S NECK! SOME AMBITIOUS POLITICIAN WOULDN'T COOPERATE SO NICK HAD HIM CHILLED! THE D.A. NABBED THE HOOD WHO DID THE JOB AN' MADE HIM CONFESS THAT NICK PAID HIM FOR THE JOB!

I SEE! NOW YOU WANT ME TO GET HIM TO REPUDIATE HIS CONFESSION!

YOU CATCH ON FAST! IF THIS HOOD TURNS STATE'S EVIDENCE AT THE TRIAL, I'LL BE UP FOR MURDER! HE'S GOT A WIFE AND KIDS! PROMISE HIM ANYTHING! THREATEN HIM—GET ME?

FORGET IT, NICK! IT'S AS GOOD AS DONE!

ELLIS SECURED AN INTERVIEW WITH THE CONFESSED MURDERER...

WH...WHO ARE YOU? DID N...NICK SEND YA? WHAT DO YA WANT?

YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE, JOE! NICK HATES STOOLIES! SUPPOSE THE D.A. SAVES YOU FROM THE CHAIR... THEN WHAT? NICK'S GOT CONNECTIONS IN THE BIG HOUSE! YOU'LL BE A COLD FISH IN A WEEK!

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CRIME DOES NOT PAY

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, AS EVENING GAVE WAY TO EARLY MORNING...

SAY, HARRY, IT'S GETTING LATE! I THINK I'LL HEAD HOME! HAVE YOU SEEN MY SISTER... OR NICK?



CAROL, ARE YOU... CAROL! NICK!

ELLIS! YOU DON'T HAVE TO GET SO EXCITED!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, ELLIS? YOU LOOK MAD! NO HARM IN A KISS, IS THERE? PEOPLE DO IT EVERY DAY!



LOOK, NICK, THIS IS MY SISTER, UNDERSTAND? I WANT YOU TO LAY OFF!

ELLIS! HOW DARE YOU? I CAN DO WHAT I WANT! YOU'RE NOT RUNNING MY LIFE! I'M EIGHTEEN AND...

RELAX, KID! THERE'S NOTHING TO BE SORE ABOUT! CAROL'S A NICE KID... NOT LIKE THOSE PHONIES! IN THERE! I LIKE 'ER!



ALL RIGHT, NICK! I'LL BE BLUNT! CAROL MEANS EVERYTHING TO ME! AND YOU'RE NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR HER! I WON'T STAND BY AND WATCH HER GET INVOLVED WITH A CRIMINAL! I'VE ABANDONED MY IDEALS BUT SHE'S NO PART OF OUR DEAL! NOW COME ON, CAROL! WE'RE GOING HOME!



BUT THE FOLLOWING EVENING...

ALL RIGHT! IF YOU MUST KNOW, I'VE GOT A DATE WITH NICK! HE LIKES ME AND I LIKE HIM AND...

YOU'RE NOT GOING OUT WITH HIM, CAROL— YOU'RE STAYING HOME!



BUT ELLIS WASN'T AWARE OF THE ENDS TO WHICH NICK WOULD GO, FOR ON THE VERY NEXT EVENING...

HI THERE, ELLIS!

HUH? I DIDN'T HEAR YOU! DON'T YOU BELIEVE IN KNOCKING? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

NICK'S IN A LITTLE JAM! HE SENT US TO PICK YOU UP! LET'S GO!



HEY! WHAT IS THIS? I THOUGHT YOU SAID... UGH!!

NEVER MIND WHAT YOU THOUGHT, PUNK! GET INTO THAT SHACK! NICK THINKS YA MIGHT GET IN HIS WAY!

YEAH—HE'S GOT A DATE WITH YOUR SISTER AND DOESN'T WANT YA SHOULD SPOIL IT! HA! HA!



I WON'T STAY HERE! YOU CAN'T MAKE ME... UGH! OWWW!

GET BACK THERE, YA GEEK, OR I'LL REALLY GIVE YA A GOIN' OVER!

NIX, MIKE! QUINTO SAID NOT TO HURT HIM UNLESS HE GAVE US TROUBLE! LET'S TIE HIM UP! IT'S ONLY FOR A FEW HOURS!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

IN THE WEE HOURS OF THE MORNING, ELLIS IS RELEASED AND STUMBLES HOME...



OH, ELLIS! WHAT HAPPENED? NICK PROMISED ME YOU WOULDN'T BE HARMED!

NOW MAYBE YOU'LL SEE WHAT HE'S REALLY LIKE! THIS IS YOUR FAULT!

FINALLY RESIGNED TO THE FACT THAT HE COULDN'T CHANGE MATTERS, ELLIS RELENTED...



MAYBE IT'LL WORK OUT FOR THE BEST! NICK'LL BRUSH HER OFF LIKE HE ALWAYS DOES! CAROL MAY BE HURT, BUT IT'LL TEACH HER A GOOD LESSON!

THE GREATEST SHOCK OF ALL CAME SHORTLY AFTER...



ISN'T IT THE MOST BEAUTIFUL RING YOU'VE EVER SEEN, ELLIS? NICK AND I ARE GETTING MARRIED TONIGHT!

WH...WHAT? M...MARRIED? OVER MY DEAD BODY! I'M GONNA SEE NICK RIGHT AWAY AND HAVE IT OUT!



LET ME PASS, YOU GORILLAS! I'LL KILL HIM! I SWEAR IT! HE'LL NEVER MARRY CAROL!

GO AHEAD! G'WAN IN IF YA WANNA... BUT NICK AIN'T THERE!

SURE! YOU'RE ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE, SONNY BOY! HE'S PICKIN' ER UP AT YOUR PLACE!

RETRACING HIS STEPS, ELLIS RETURNED TO THE APARTMENT—TO FIND...



SO YOU THOUGHT YOU'D OUTSMART ME, EH? WELL, YOU'RE GOING TO GET WHAT'S COMING TO YOU—RIGHT NOW!

HE...HE MEANS IT, NICK! OH, ELLIS—YOU FOOL! CAN'T YOU SEE WE LOVE EACH OTHER?



PULLING A GUN ON ME, HUH? WELL, YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT!

STOP HIM, CAROL! HE'S GOT MY GUN!



STOP IT! STOP IT! BOTH OF YOU! YOU'RE ACTING LIKE A COUPLE OF SCHOOL CHILDREN! I'LL... OHHH!

BANG!



YOU FOOL! YOU STUPID FOOL! HE'S DEAD! OH, COULDN'T YOU SEE I LOVED HIM?

YOU REALLY DID LOVE HIM! WHAT A FOOL I WAS! I LOST MY PRINCIPLES! AFTER VIOLATING THE ETHICS OF MY PROFESSION I REALIZED THERE WAS NO WAY OUT...I WAS IN TOO DEEP! THE MONEY I RECEIVED I NEVER ENJOYED! CALL THE POLICE, CAROL, I'M GOING TO GIVE MYSELF UP!

ELLIS GORMAN WAS TRIED AND CONVICTED OF MANSLAUGHTER! HE WAS, OF COURSE, DISBARRED AND RECEIVED A PRISON TERM OF TEN TO TWENTY YEARS! **THE END**

**Be the
MASTER
not the slave!**
Defend YOURSELF — IN ANY SITUATION — ANYWHERE



Learn this Quick, Easy Way

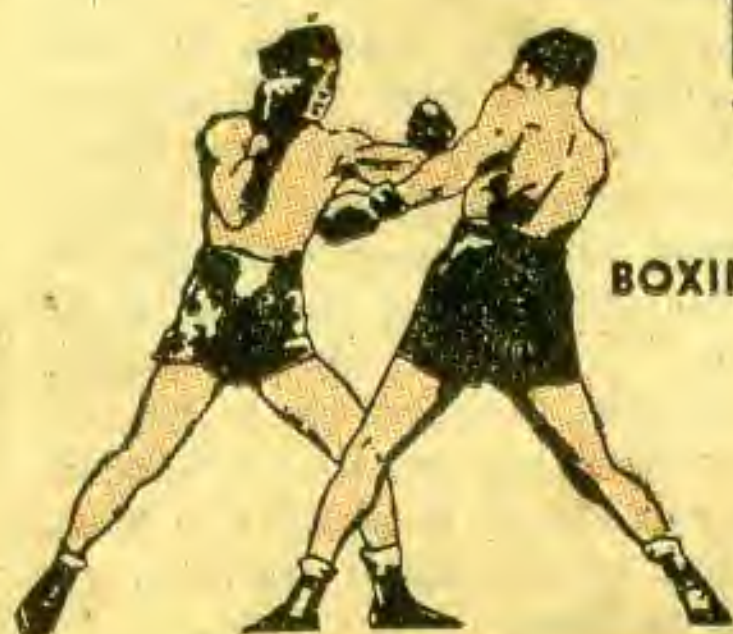
OVERCOME ANY ENEMY — NO MATTER HOW BIG HE IS, OR HOW SMALL YOU ARE!

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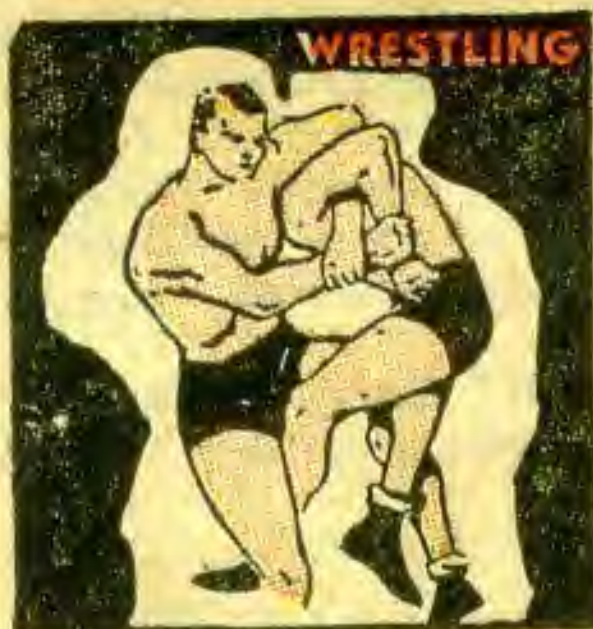
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It is understood that if I am not satisfied I can return the books within 8 days for immediate refund of full purchase price.

The Killer Came East



THE small black Ford careened recklessly around the corner, the police car close on its heels. The three men in the first car were hunched forward, silently cursing the pursuing car.

"Come on, Benny," Harry urged the driver, "get some speed into this job. We've gotta ditch these cops fast and get to the cabin."

Suddenly a shot burst the stillness of the night.

"Harry, they got me," Jack shouted from the rear seat of the car.

"Hold on, Jack," he muttered desperately, "we don't have far to go."

A minute later Benny took the right corner on two wheels and drove into a deserted garage on the darkened street. The police car came racing down the street two minutes later. When the cops saw no sign of the Ford, they made a left turn and speeded onward in that direction.

"Wh - e - e, we made it," Harry breathed a sigh of relief.

"Yeah, but look at Jack," Benny said shortly.

Harry climbed over the front seat and knelt over the wounded man. He turned Jack over on his back and tried to help him sit up.

"It's — no — use, Harry," Jack gasped. "I'm — done — for." And with a sudden shudder Jack fell back, dead.

"What'll we do now, Harry?" Benny started wailing. "We've gotta corpse on our hands and we're missing a good stick-up artist."

"Stop belly-aching, will ya?" Harry snarled. "I'm the brains of this outfit, and I'll think of something. We've pulled three bank

robberies in seven weeks and have a lot of dough to show for it, right?"

"Yeah," Benny admitted grudgingly.

"Then quit your worrying. I'll get us out of this hole. The cops are gone so we can head for the cabin. But first we'll change cars. The cops know this car too well. Then we'll ditch Jack somewhere along the road."

Twenty minutes later Harry and Benny were sitting in the small living room of their isolated cabin, the "borrowed" Dodge hidden safely in the bushes behind their house. Benny was concentrating on the sandwich in front of him, but Harry kept pacing back and forth, pulling at his small black mustache from time to time.

He started reviewing the problem out loud to Benny. "We've gotta lay low for a while. The police are after our hides. But we gotta have a third man, someone who's quick on the trigger, and who can pull bank jobs."

"Yeah," Benny answered, "but who can we trust?"

"That's just it," Harry admitted. "It has to be someone who won't squeal to the coppers."

There was silence in the room as both men tried to think of a "worthy" addition to the gang. Suddenly Harry shouted, "I got just the guy. And I heard he's at loose ends."

"Who, Harry, who?" Benny wanted to know.

"Did you ever hear of George Yamos of Chicago? He's one of the slickest operators I ever came across. He's one of them efficient guys, won't go on a job unless everything is planned down to the last dollar. But that don't bother me. I always figure these jobs good, and Yamos is good with a gat. I'll wire

him tonight and get him here. In the meantime, we'll lay low till the heat's off."

A week later, George Yamos and Harry were making plans for the next bank hold-up, as Benny listened. He eyed Yamos speculatively. He was a tall, thin man, wearing rimless glasses. He could pass for a salesman, office manager, or school teacher. And look at those hands, Benny thought. With those long, thin fingers, he could be one of those piano playing fellows. But his mouth was a giveaway. It was thin, drawn tight, and looked cruel and ruthless. There was something about him that Benny didn't like. He couldn't put his finger on it — lots of guys have mean little mouths — but he just couldn't warm up to George Yamos.

"... And we'll get to the bank a couple of hours before closing time," Harry was saying, "and then we'll ..."

"What time will we get there," George interrupted quickly. "Let's be exact about all the steps. After all," he added dryly, "we're holding up a bank, not playing hopscotch!"

Harry flushed and said quickly, "I know, I know, and I've got it all figured out. Benny, are you listening? We'll get to the bank at one o'clock and then ..."

The next afternoon two men entered the Smithson Bank at precisely one o'clock. The shorter man with the black mustache looked nervously at the man behind the wheel of the car in front of the bank, but the tall fellow walked calmly into the bank, to the far end of the lobby. The short guy locked the door and planted himself near the entrance to the bank.

"All right, everyone, hands up," Harry shouted suddenly. "This is a stick-up."

There was sudden confusion in the small bank, but Harry and George quickly unarmed the solitary bank guard and grabbed the money in the tellers' boxes.

"Now open that safe," George calmly told the jittery teller in the first cage. "And the rest of you lie down on the floor and don't make a move or this gun will start talking!"

Ten minutes later George and Harry dashed out of the bank with \$80,000 in cold cash in the satchels they carried.

"Step on it, Benny," Harry shouted. "We gotta get outa here fast."

Benny started the car and shot her up to sixty in the next few blocks. He heard shouts back at the bank, but he drove on steadily. But suddenly there was a policeman standing in front of the candy store at the next corner, and when he saw the car speeding down the block, he shouted, "STOP THAT CAR," but Benny raced down the street before he could be followed, and took a short cut to the cabin.

Once the three crooks got inside, they started divvying the take.

"Well, since I planned the job," Harry began, "I'll get 40 G's. And you and Benny get 20 G's apiece."

"What do you mean you planned this job," George said in a voice of steel. "There was something wrong with everything you planned. You didn't know whether all three of us should go into the bank, what time we should get there, or anything. In fact, if it wasn't for me, there wouldn't have been any holdup, so I'll get 40 G's."

Harry jumped up from the couch and stalked over to George's chair near the table.

"Listen, wise guy," Harry began hotly. "Who got you into this racket? Who wired who about the sweet setup we had here? Don't think you can get smart with me just 'cause you can pull a stick-up. You always was too big for your breeches, that's why no one would take you into any mob."

During this tirade, George had risen slowly to his feet and then suddenly pulled his gun out of his holster.

"There isn't room for both of us," George grimly told Harry.

"L-listen, George," Harry started haltingly, "we don't have to do anything hasty. We can work this out, Georgie. I'm easy to get along with, you'll see," Harry ended hysterically.

George just started at him menacingly and then quickly pulled the trigger.

"G-George, what are you doing? D-don't get excited," Benny stammered.

George whirled swiftly to face the forgotten Benny and snarled at him, "I don't need you either. I can pull stick-ups by myself and keep the dough all for myself." Another shot rang out as George eliminated his other "partner."

George started stacking all the money together in one canvass bag. Harry, in the meantime, made one last effort to get his gun out of his holster. He managed to raise himself to his elbows, fired one shot, and the startled George fell to his feet.

Five minutes later two policemen entered the house cautiously and when they saw the three dead bodies on the floor, they walked right in.

"These are the bank robbers all right," Murphy said to Thomas. "The car radio said those crooks were last seen coming in this direction, and this is the only place they could have come to."

"You're right," Thomas replied. "Look at all the new bills over here on the table. What did a life of crime get them, anyway? It's just a fast way to the grave!"

The End

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

The Case of the DEADLY DOLL



WHAT WAS THE SECRET
BEHIND ITS MALICIOUSNESS THAT
BROUGHT ABOUT BRUTAL
MURDER AND BURNING DESTRUCTION?
SERGEANT CLAY BOYD TELLS ALL
IN THIS DARING EXPOSE!



I'M SERGEANT BOYD OF
THE NEW YORK CITY
POLICE FORCE! MY PRE-
CINCT CAPTAIN, RAY HEALY,
ASSIGNED ME TO FILE
NUMBER 177149; SUBJECT-
ARSON! FOR THREE MONTHS IN
THE SPRING OF 1949, THE FIRE
DEPARTMENT WAS KEPT IN A SWEAT
ANSWERING CALLS TO FIRES IN
EVERYTHING FROM SUPER MARKETS
TO LOFT BUILDINGS! IN EVERY
CASE THE DEPARTMENT HAD FOUND
IT TO BE THE WORK OF PROFES-
SIONAL FIREBUGS! EACH ARSONIST
HAS HIS OWN METHOD AND THESE
FIRES OBVIOUSLY WERE BEING SET
BY THE SAME MAN OR SAME GANG!
MY JOB WAS TO GET HIM OR THEM!
I KEPT CHASING A WILL-O'-THE-
WISP TILL THE NIGHT OF THE INFER-
NO AT FARNUM'S FINE FURS, ON
SEVENTH AVENUE NEAR
28TH STREET! HEALY SPOTTED A
MAN FLEEING FROM THE BUILDING
AND TOLD ME TO GO AFTER HIM...



THE FELLOW WHO TURNED
IN THE ALARM SAID IT WAS
JUST A SMALL FIRE, BUT
WHEN WE GOT HERE THREE
MINUTES LATER, FLAMES
HAD SPREAD ALL OVER
THE PLACE! YOU CAN'T
TELL ME THERE ISN'T
SOMETHING PHONY
ABOUT THIS!

LOOK—OVER
THERE, BOYD! THERE'S
A MAN RUNNING
FROM THE BUILDING!
AFTER HIM, QUICK!

RIGHT,
CAPTAIN
HEALY! I'LL
GET HIM!



WHERE COULD
HE HAVE DIS-
APPEARED TO
SO QUICK? HE
WAS HERE A
SECOND AGO!

MEANWHILE, THE MAN I WAS CHASING WAS APPROACHED
BY A SEDAN...

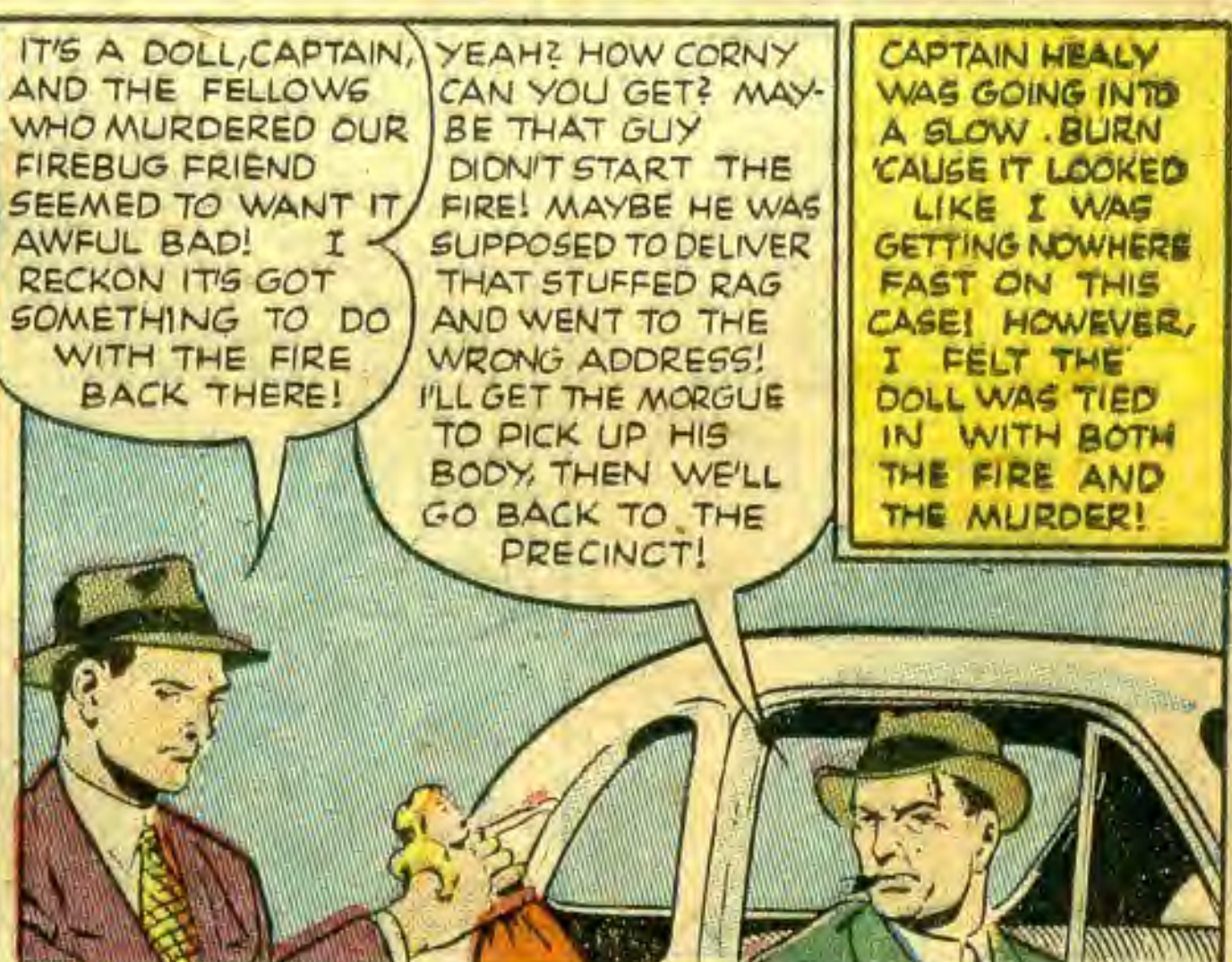


THERE'S THE
GUY WE WANT! STOP HIM,
TONY! AL—YOU GRAB
THE DOLL QUICK!

I GOT HIM, DREXEL! HURRY
UP, AL—GET THAT DOLL AND
LET'S START
MOVIN'!

I'LL GET
IT!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



AT LAST! COME TO PAPA, BABY! THE BOSS OUGHT TO GIVE ME A MEDAL FOR TAKING A CHANCE LIKE THIS! LET'S HOPE I MAKE IT!



HEY, YOU—STOP! GRAB THAT GUY!

I GOT IT, JOE! OPEN UP—HURRY!

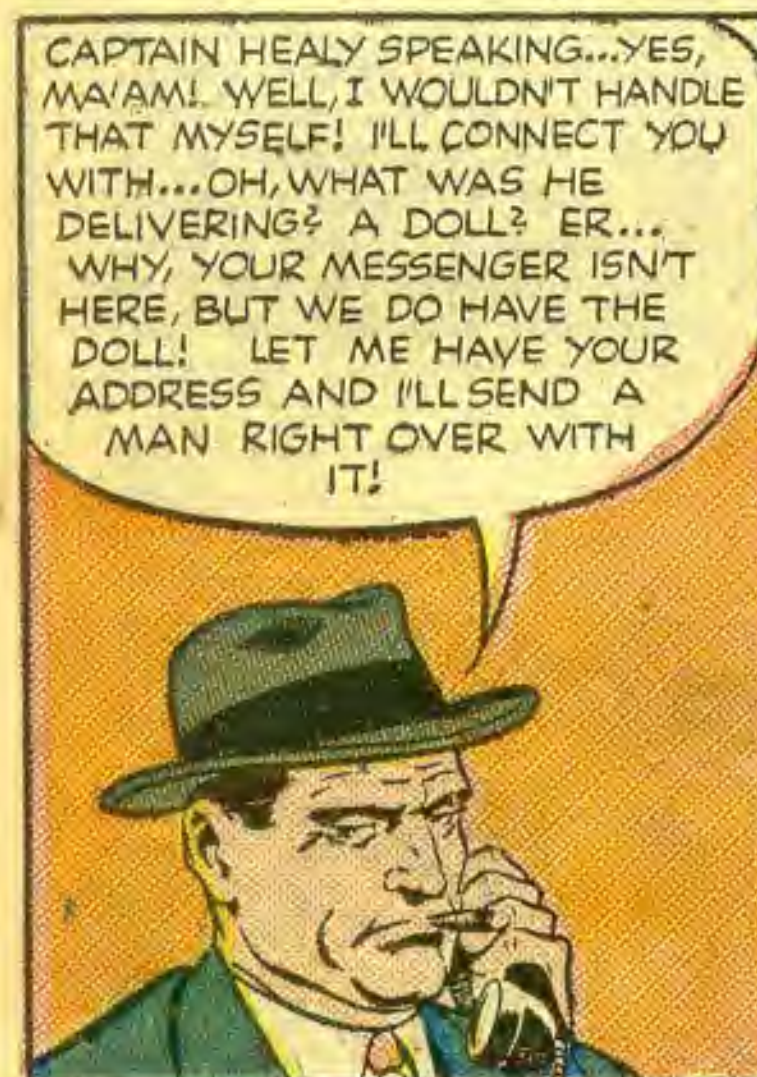
HUH?



...I JUST TURNED MY BACK FOR A FEW SECONDS TO TRY TO LOCATE YOU FOR A PHONE CALL! THAT'S WHEN THAT GUY MUST'VE SLIPPED IN, CAPTAIN! SUDDENLY HE GOES TEARING OUT WITH SOME KIND OF A RAG DOLL!

WHAT NOW, CAPTAIN?

I DON'T KNOW—LET ME TAKE THE CALL!



CAPTAIN HEALY SPEAKING...YES, MA'AM! WELL, I WOULDN'T HANDLE THAT MYSELF! I'LL CONNECT YOU WITH...OH, WHAT WAS HE DELIVERING? A DOLL? ER... WHY, YOUR MESSENGER ISN'T HERE, BUT WE DO HAVE THE DOLL! LET ME HAVE YOUR ADDRESS AND I'LL SEND A MAN RIGHT OVER WITH IT!



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, I WAS IN A DOLL SHOP ON MADISON AVENUE, SPEAKING WITH THE PRETTIEST DOLL OF ALL—WHOSE NAME WAS MISS **GOLDIE** MARTIN...

WHY WOULD ANYBODY MURDER JERRY? HE'D WORKED FOR ME FOR A YEAR! AND YOU SAY MY NAME WAS THE LAST WORD ON HIS LIPS!

I'M INTERESTED IN FINDING OUT WHAT HE WAS DOING IN THAT BURNING BUILDING, AND WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT ABOUT THAT DOLL?



THAT WAS AT FARNUM'S FURS? WHY, ER, OF COURSE! THE DOLL BELONGS TO MRS. FARNUM! IT'S QUITE VALUABLE AS AN HEIRLOOM! SHE WANTED IT REPAIRED! I LOST HER HOME ADDRESS AND JERRY SIMPLY TOOK IT TO MR. FARNUM'S PLACE OF BUSINESS!

YOU'RE A BEAUTIFUL LIAR, GOLDIE!



WHILE I WAS GETTING A LOT OF EVASIVE ANSWERS AND BALD-FACED LIES FROM GOLDIE MARTIN, SOMETHING WAS GOING ON JUST A FEW BLOCKS AWAY...SOMETHING BEARING DIRECTLY ON THE CASE! IT INVOLVED A MAN NAMED AMORY DREXEL, WHOSE PORTRAIT DECORATED POST OFFICES FROM COAST-TO-COAST!



PRUESS HERE WARNED ME THAT HE WAS AFRAID GOLDIE MARTIN MIGHT BE DIFFICULT! WHAT DID YOU SAY TO PERSUADE HER I'D MAKE A PERFECT PARTNER?

PRUESS WAS RIGHT! I SAID WHAT YOU TOLD ME TO SAY, AMORY! BUT GOLDIE DOESN'T WANT A PARTNER! GOLDIE IS DOING ALL RIGHT IN HER SMALL WAY! I TOLD HER SHE WOULD DO FIVE TIMES THE BUSINESS WITH YOU! BUT SHE SAYS SHE'S NOT INTERESTED IN BURNING DOWN THE WHOLE TOWN!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



BUT WITH MY FUNDS TEMPORARILY TIED UP BY THE CALIFORNIA AUTHORITIES, I HAVE TO FIND SOMETHING TO KEEP MY LITTLE FLOCK FED, AND GOLDIE'S RACKET IS A NICE SETUP! DID YOU SEE THE DOLL PRUESS HERE REFERRED TO?

YES! I WAS GIVING GOLDIE THIS PEP TALK AND LOOKING AROUND FOR THE DOLL! SUDDENLY GOLDIE CAUGHT ON WE KNEW ABOUT THE DOLL, SO SHE HANDED IT TO SOME GOON NAMED JERRY, AND TOLD HIM TO DELIVER IT... BUT SHE DIDN'T SAY WHERE TO!



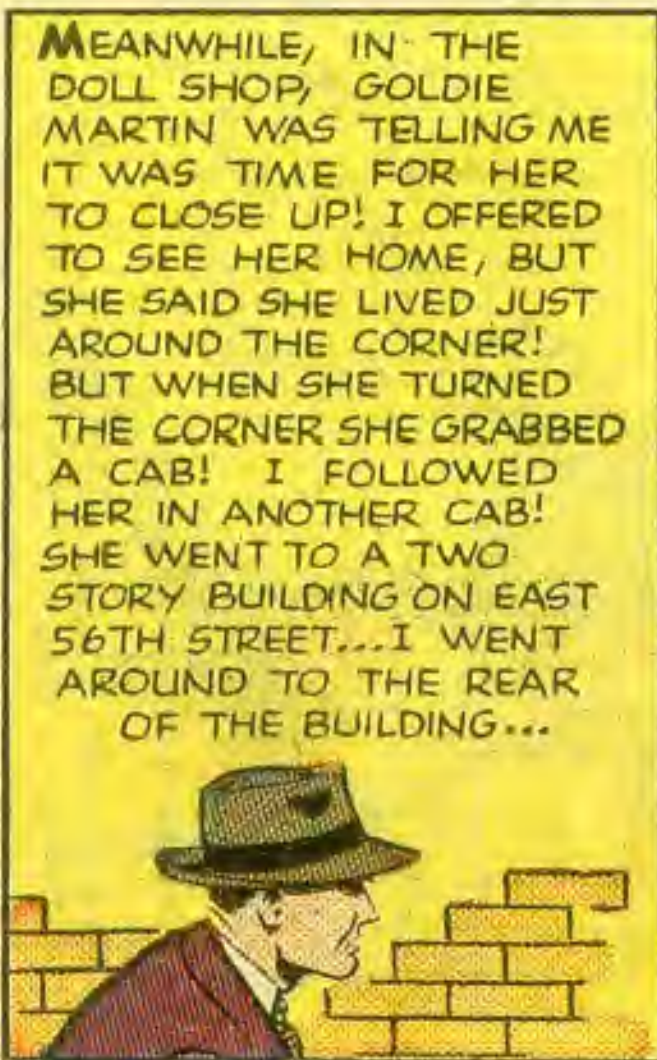
I TOLD HER WHERE TO FIND YOU IF SHE CHANGED HER MIND, THEN I STEPPED OUT TO THE CAR AND TOLD DREXEL AND HIS BOYS TO GET THAT DOLL, EVEN IF THEY HAD TO RUB OUT THIS JERRY CHARACTER! THEY STARTED AFTER HIM—THAT'S THE LAST I SAW OF THEM!



JUST THEN AL ARRIVES...

WE GOT IT, AMORY! WE GOT THE DOLL!

SPLENDID, AL! NOW WE HAVE MISS GOLDIE MARTIN WHERE WE WANT HER!



MEANWHILE, IN THE DOLL SHOP, GOLDIE MARTIN WAS TELLING ME IT WAS TIME FOR HER TO CLOSE UP! I OFFERED TO SEE HER HOME, BUT SHE SAID SHE LIVED JUST AROUND THE CORNER! BUT WHEN SHE TURNED THE CORNER SHE GRABBED A CAB! I FOLLOWED HER IN ANOTHER CAB! SHE WENT TO A TWO STORY BUILDING ON EAST 56TH STREET... I WENT AROUND TO THE REAR OF THE BUILDING...



THAT GIRL JUST CAN'T GET A TRUTHFUL SENTENCE OUT OF HER PRETTY LITTLE MOUTH! WELL, THIS MAY DO ME NO GOOD, BUT IT'S WORTH A TRY!



PRUESS, SEE WHO'S AT THE DOOR! NO, WAIT! AL, GET THAT DOLL OUT OF SIGHT—PUT IT IN THE BEDROOM! YOU TWO GET IN THE OTHER ROOM!



WELL, WELL! YOU'RE GOLDIE MARTIN! HELEN DESCRIBED YOU, THOUGH I MUST SAY SHE DIDN'T DO YOUR LOOKS JUSTICE!

NEVER MIND THAT! YOU KNOW WHY I'M HERE, MR. DREXEL! LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS!



GOSH! I SEEM TO HAVE SOMETHING OF YOURS, MISS MARTIN! A DOLL! THAT SORT OF CHANGES THINGS BETWEEN US, DOESN'T IT?

YOU MEAN, UNLESS I DO AS YOU SAY, YOU'LL USE IT TO BLACKMAIL ME? NO DICE, DREXEL! YOU HAVEN'T ANYTHING ON ME! THAT DOLL IS MINE AND YOU'RE GONNA HAND IT OVER—OR I CALL THE COPS!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

OH YEAH? YOU'RE WRONG, YOUNG LADY! I HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT DOLL HOLDS THE KEY TO ALL YOUR CLIENTS! I'M SURE THEY'D PAY WELL TO HAVE ME KEEP MY INFORMATION FROM THE POLICE!

EXTORTION! YOU'RE GOING TO SQUEEZE MY CLIENTS UNLESS I MAKE YOU MY PARTNER! IT WON'T WORK, DREXEL! NOW GIVE ME THAT DOLL!



I ALSO HAPPEN TO KNOW OF YOUR ARSON ACTIVITIES, MY DEAR! IT SEEMS TO ME YOU'VE STOOPED TO EXTORTION OF A SORT, HAVEN'T YOU?

YOU, ARTHUR PRUESS — YOU TOLD DREXEL ABOUT ME — AND ABOUT THE DOLL!

IT WAS THE ONLY WAY I COULD FREE MYSELF OF YOU, GOLDE!



I'D HEARD ENOUGH TO KNOW WHAT THEY WERE UP TO, AND WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE FIRES, BUT GETTING PROOF WAS ANOTHER MATTER! I SNATCHED THE DOLL BUT AS I STARTED FOR THE WINDOW HE CAME TO, AND GRABBED MY LEG...



HEY, DREXEL, COME HERE QUICK!

STOP HIM, DREXEL! HE'S GETTING AWAY WITH THE DOLL!

HE WON'T GET FAR WITH IT!



AL AND I WILL CHASE HIM DOWN THE FIRE ESCAPE... THE REST OF YOU GET DOWNSTAIRS! AND DON'T ARGUE WITH HIM...SHOOT!



I DIDN'T HAVE MUCH LUCK HITTING YOU ON THE HEAD, MISTER...LET'S SEE HOW I DO WITH A TRICK SHOT!



CRACK!

I GOT HIM!



NOW IF I CAN JUST GET OUT OF HERE WITH THE DOLL!



WHAT'S ALL THE SHOOTING, MISTER?

NO TIME TO TALK! CALL THE FIFTY-FIFTH PRECINCT... ASK FOR HEALY! TELL HIM BOYD NEEDS HELP—SEND ANY RADIO CARS IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD...GIVE HIM THIS ADDRESS! HURRY!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



THE COPS BETTER HURRY! THIS PLACE IS CRAWLING WITH GUNMEN!

CRACK! CRACK!



TOO BAD, COPPER! YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE! WE HAVE YOU SURROUNDED... I'LL GIVE YOU YOUR LIFE FOR THAT DOLL!

NOPE! I WON'T TRADE, DREXEL! THE SITUATION HAS CHANGED! THE POLICE HAVE ARRIVED!



N...NEVER MIND THE DOLL NOW! YOU WINGED ME BACK THERE ON THE FIRE ESCAPE! I'M A GONER!

HE KEPT SHOOTING AT ME! I HAD TO FIRE BACK!

OH, MR. BOYD!

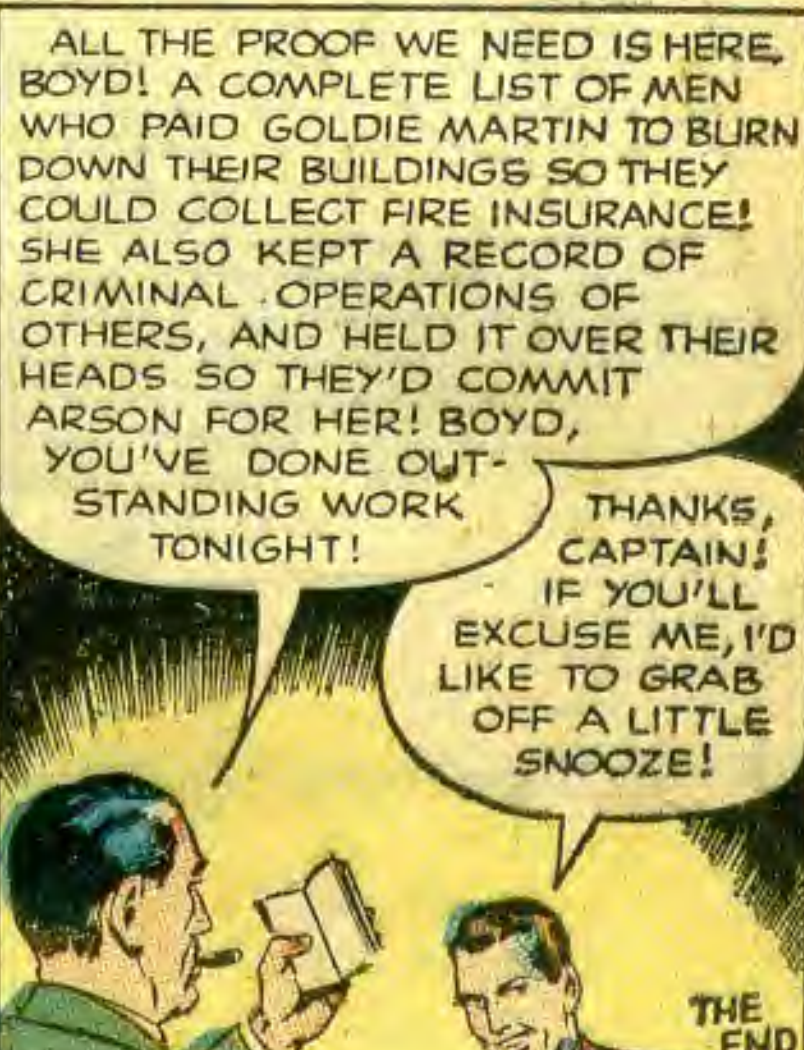


OH, THANK YOU FOR SAVING THE DOLL FOR ME! YOU'LL LET ME HAVE IT, MR. BOYD—WON'T YOU? I... I DO SO WANT TO GET TO KNOW YOU BETTER, CLAY! YOU DO LIKE ME A LITTLE?

GOLDIE MARTIN! YOU'D BETTER COME DOWN TO THE STATION WITH ME BEFORE OFFICER BOYD LETS HIS SOUTHERN CHIVALRY GET THE BETTER OF HIM!

I'M SORRY, GOLDIE, BUT I'M AFRAID THE LAW HAS PRIORITY ON YOU!

I FELT BAD ABOUT GOLDIE MARTIN... I'D LIKE TO HAVE KNOWN HER UNDER DIFFERENT CIRCUMSTANCES! BACK AT THE PRECINCT WE GAVE THAT RAG DOLL A GOING OVER... THERE WAS A ZIPPER AROUND ITS NECK AND WHEN CAPTAIN HEALY UNZIPPED THE DOLL'S HEAD, HE FOUND A SMALL NOTEBOOK INSIDE THE UPPER PART OF THE BODY...



ALL THE PROOF WE NEED IS HERE, BOYD! A COMPLETE LIST OF MEN WHO PAID GOLDIE MARTIN TO BURN DOWN THEIR BUILDINGS SO THEY COULD COLLECT FIRE INSURANCE! SHE ALSO KEPT A RECORD OF CRIMINAL OPERATIONS OF OTHERS, AND HELD IT OVER THEIR HEADS SO THEY'D COMMIT ARSON FOR HER! BOYD, YOU'VE DONE OUTSTANDING WORK TONIGHT!

THANKS, CAPTAIN! IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'D LIKE TO GRAB OFF A LITTLE SNOOZE!

THE END

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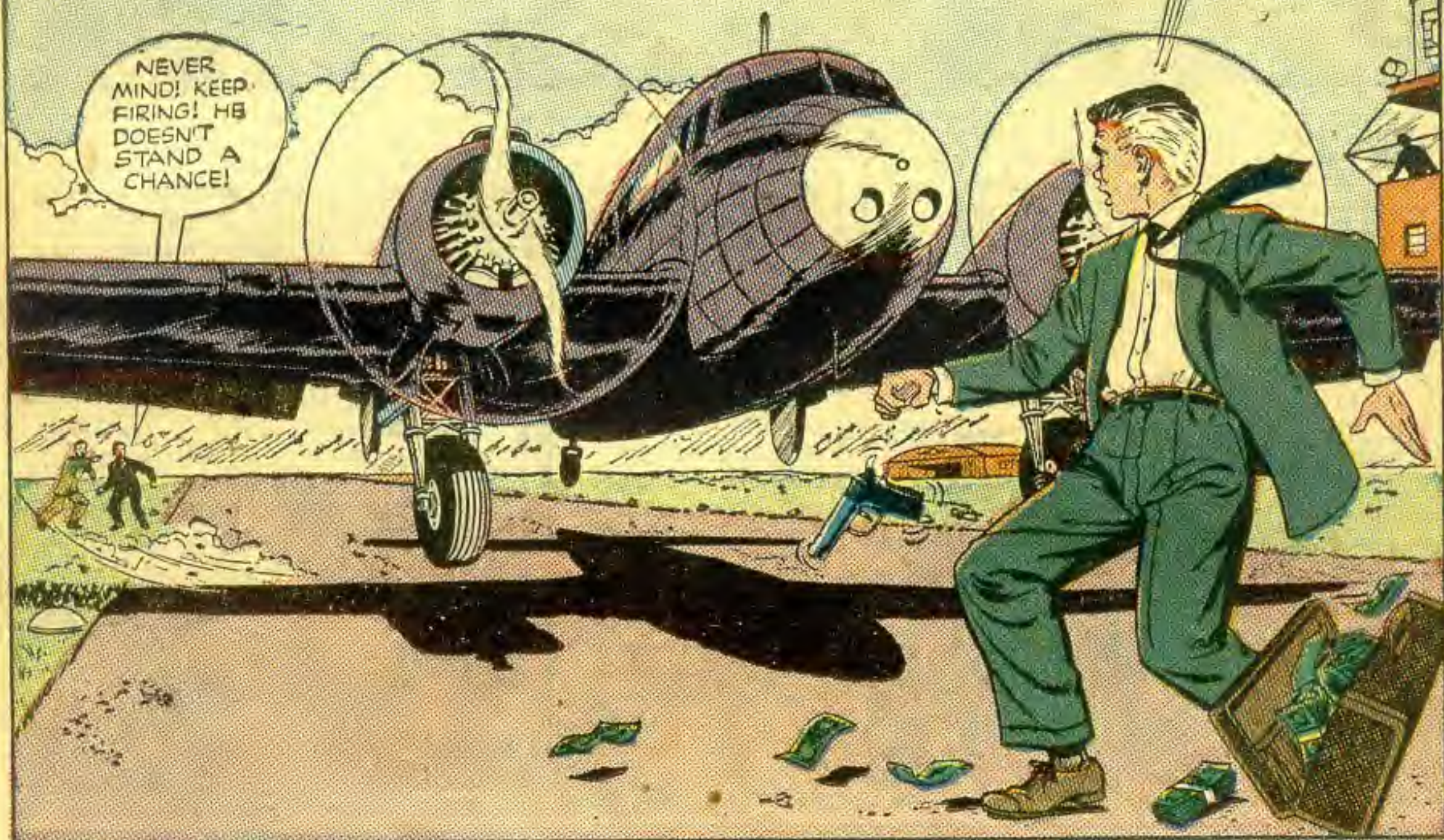
RACKET KING ABBY GRANT TRIED TO USE REPORTER GIL BARNETT AS A FALL GUY, BUT IT LED TO

THE FRAME-UP THAT BACKFIRED

VICE CZAR ABBY GRANT THOUGHT HE HAD EVERY ANGLE COVERED UNTIL THE INTERNAL REVENUE CRACKED DOWN ON HIM! THEN HE WAS REALLY IN HOT WATER! REPORTER GIL BARNETT, WHO HAD EXPOSED HIM, BECAME A WOULD-BE FALL GUY IN ONE OF THE MOST FANTASTICALLY CUNNING CONSPIRACIES OF MODERN TIMES!

NEVER MIND! KEEP FIRING! HE DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE!

NO...O..O!
EEYAGHHH!



THE MAY 10TH, 1947 EDITION OF THE NEW YORK CLARION HAD AN EDITORIAL THAT GREATLY AROUSED RACKETEER ABBY GRANT...

"AND IT IS IRONY AT ITS FINEST THAT GRANT, WHO HAS SUCCESSFULLY COVERED UP HIS CONNECTION WITH EVERY EVIL VICE IN THIS CITY, SHOULD BE INDICTED BY UNCLE SAM FOR INCOME TAX FRAUD-EVATION OF TAX PAYMENT ON HIS ONE LEGITIMATE BUSINESS, REAL ESTATE, WHICH HAS LONG SERVED AS A FRONT FOR HIS ILLEGAL OPERATIONS..."

I'LL SUE YOUR CLARION FOR THIS!



"THE AMERICAN PEOPLE DEMAND THAT THE ATTORNEY GENERAL THROW THE BOOK AT THIS GREEDY PARASITE, WHO HAS GROWN FAT ON..."

STOP! THAT'S ENOUGH! BARNETT, I'LL PUT THAT LYING RAG YOU WORK FOR OUT OF BUSINESS! I'D LIKE TO SEE THEM PROVE I'M CONNECTED WITH ANY VICE! WHY HASN'T THAT WEASEL WHO WROTE THE EDITORIAL THE GUTS TO SAY THAT TO MY FACE?

HE HAS, GRANT!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



GET OUT OF HERE, BARNETT!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

TEN HOURS AGO JOE CURRY WAS IN GRANT'S OFFICE, WILSON! IF HE GOT A DOSE OF POISON, THAT'S WHERE GRANT FED IT TO HIM! WE MAY FIND SOME TRACE OF THE STUFF THERE IF WE LOOK FOR IT!

THAT'S KIND OF A LONG SHOT, BARNETT! IT'S NOT LIKELY HE'D LEAVE EVIDENCE AROUND FOR ANYBODY TO PICK UP... WELL, IT WON'T HURT TO LOOK! I'D REALLY LIKE TO HANG ONE ON THAT OVERSTUFFED PIG! COME ON, I'LL HAVE TO GET A SEARCH WARRANT FIRST!

I DIDN'T THINK THAT WAS TOO BRIGHT AN IDEA OF YOURS, BARNETT... NOW WE'VE MESSED UP GRANT'S OFFICE, FORCED HIS DESK DRAWER OPEN! HE'LL HAVE A LEGITIMATE BEEF AGAINST US!

THE HECK HE WILL! TAKE A WHIFF OF THIS STUFF WILSON!

BY GOLLY, BARNETT! THIS IS IT! STRYCHNINE! WE'RE GOING BACK DOWN-TOWN—I'M GOING TO GET A WARRANT FOR HIS ARREST!

WARRANT! NUTS! IF YOU DON'T NAB HIM SOON YOU'RE LIABLE TO HAVE TO GET EXTRADITION PAPERS TO BRING HIM BACK FROM SINGAPORE OR SOME PLACE!



ABBY GRANT SEEMED TO HAVE ANTICIPATED HIS ARREST! HE HAD HIS TRIGGER MAN, BUZZER KROY, KEEP A VIGIL ALL EVENING IN HIS SWANK EAST 51ST STREET APARTMENT...

YOU WERE RIGHT, BOSS! I SEE THAT FLATFOOT BENNY WILSON HEADING THIS WAY... AND LOOK WHO'S WITH HIM! YOUR REPORTER PAL, GIL BARNETT!

HA! HA! PERFECT! YOU GET THE PICTURE, BUZZER? I'D'VE BEEN ACCUSED OF JOE CURRY'S DEATH ANYHOW! NOW I HAVE A CHANCE TO MAKE FOOLS OUT OF BARNETT AND THE POLICE! RUN UP TO MY BEDROOM AND PHONE DR. BENZLEY! TELL HIM TO HAVE EVERYTHING READY! THEN TEND TO THAT OTHER BUSINESS AT THE REPORTER'S PLACE!



GRANT, I HAVE A WARRANT!

AH? YOU WANT ME TO GO DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS, WITH YOU, WILSON? OF COURSE! LET ME PUT ON MY JACKET! BE RIGHT WITH YOU!



WILSON AND BARNETT ACCOMPANIED ABBY GRANT TO THE OFFICE OF DISTRICT ATTORNEY JOHN R. LLOYD, NO LITTLE CONCERNED BY THE RACKETEER'S CONFIDENT MANNER!

THE BOTTLE BEFORE YOU CONTAINS STRYCHNINE, GRANT! IT WAS TAKEN FROM YOUR DESK DRAWER A SHORT WHILE AGO! YOU HAD A VISITOR TODAY, A MAN NAMED JOE CURRY! HE WAS FOUND DEAD OF STRYCHNINE POISONING EARLIER THIS EVENING, AND...

AND YOU'VE NEATLY TIED IT ALL TOGETHER, PROVING THAT I MURDERED HIM? NON-SENSE! IN JUST ONE MINUTE, I'LL PROVE THAT YOU'RE WRONG! GIVE ME THAT BOTTLE!



WHAT THE DEVIL?

GRANT! DON'T! YOU'RE CRAZY!



YES, THERE WAS SOME STRYCHNINE IN THE BOTTLE—AMONG OTHER COMPONENTS, MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY... PRESCRIBED BY MY PHYSICIAN AS A NERVE TONIC! YOU DON'T THINK I'D BE FOOL ENOUGH TO DRINK IT IF I HAD USED THE SAME STUFF TO KILL A MAN, DO YOU? NOW, YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME! IT'S PAST MY BEDTIME!

BARNETT—I THINK IT'S PAST YOURS, TOO! I HOPE YOU SLEEP FOR THE NEXT TWENTY YEARS OR SO!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

ABBEY GRANT DIDN'T GO HOME RIGHT AWAY; AS SOON AS HE LEFT THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY, HE TOOK A TAXI TO THE OFFICE OF DR. ROSS HENZLEY! BUZZER KROY WAS WAITING THERE FOR HIM...

YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN THE STUPIFIED LOOK ON THEIR FACES WHEN I SWALLOWED THAT STRYCHNINE! HA!HA! CAN'T SAY I EXACTLY ENJOYED EATING FIFTEEN EGGS TO PUT A COATING ON MY STOMACH!

IT MAY BE VERY AMUSING, ABBY, BUT YOU WON'T THINK SO IF YOU DON'T LIE DOWN ON THAT TABLE AND LET ME GET TO WORK WITH THIS STOMACH PUMP!



UGH! WHAT AN EXPERIENCE! NOT AS BAD AS GOING TO THE CHAIR, HOWEVER! BUZZER, DID YOU GET THOSE THINGS?

STAY DOWN, ABBY! YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN A FEW MINUTES!

IT'S IN THE BAG, BOSS - IN THE BAG!



LOOK CHIEF, YOU DON'T HAVE TO COME ALONG! JUST TELL ME WHO TO VISIT AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING!

WE'RE GOING OVER TO MAX RYAN'S PLACE. HE'S ONE GUY I'D JUST AS SOON SEE DEAD, ANYHOW! THAT'S THE PART YOU'LL TAKE CARE OF, BUZZER! I'M GOING TO PLANT THE STUFF YOU SWIPED FROM GIL BARNETT'S APARTMENT! I'LL FRAME THAT GUY SO GOOD HE'LL THINK HE WAS FRAMED BY REMBRANDT!



THERE WAS NEVER ANY LOVE LOST BETWEEN ABBY GRANT AND BEN RYAN, HIS CHIEF RIVAL IN BOOK-MAKING AND OTHER RACKET-SO RYAN WAS TO BE THE VICTIM OF THE FRAME-UP AGAINST REPORTER BARNETT...

WHY, YOU'RE NO COPPER! HEY! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, RYAN!

I HAD TO SAY WE WAS COPS, RYAN, OR YOU WOULDN'T HAVE INVITED US IN, SEE! GET BACK IN THERE, STUPID!



WHAT'S THE PITCH, GRANT? IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO ME, YOU KNOW I GOT FRIENDS!

HOW NICE! YOU'LL HAVE SOMEONE TO MOURN YOUR PASSING! HOWEVER, IF YOU PREFER TO LIVE, PERHAPS YOU'LL SIT DOWN OVER A COUPLE OF DRINKS AND DISCUSS OUR DIFFERENCES LIKE A GENTLEMAN!



YOU THINK I'M NUTS, GRANT? I HEARD OVER THE RADIO WHAT HAPPENED TO JOE CURRY! NOT FOR ME, WISE GUY! OUT OF MY WAY!

UGH! BUZZER!

I'LL GET HIM, BOSS!



LET GO OF ME, YOU CHEAP HOOD!

OWW! I'LL KILL YOU FOR THAT, RYAN!

DON'T SHOOT, BUZZER - DON'T SHOOT HIM!



NOW, BUZZER, SLUG HIM!

I'LL BUST YOU WIDE OPEN, YOU FAT SWINE!



YOU DON'T DIE, EASY, DO YOU, RYAN?

AGHHHH...



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



GRANT!
I
THINK
HE'S
DEAD!

SO WHAT! IT'S ABOUT
TIME! I'LL LEAVE MY
BUSINESS CARD-IT'LL
LOOK LIKE A SURE
FRAME! COME ON-I
HAVE ONE MORE THING
TO DO-CALL THE DIS-
TRICT ATTORNEY!

EARLY THE FOLLOWING MORNING A WARRANT WAS
ISSUED FOR THE ARREST OF THE CLARION'S STAR
CRIME REPORTER, GIL BARNETT! HE WAS TAKEN
TO DISTRICT ATTORNEY JOHN R. LLOYD.

I'VE HAD JUST TWO HOURS OF
SLEEP BECAUSE OF YOU, BAR-
NETT! BUT I'M NOT TOO TIRED
TO KNOW A FRAME WHEN I
SEE ONE! I'M GOING TO HAVE
YOU INDICTED FOR THE MUR-
DER OF BENNY RYAN!

FOR WHAT?
YOU'RE CRAZY,
LLOYD! WHY
WOULD I
KILL RYAN?



YOU AND YOUR PAPER HAVE BEEN
TRYING TO HANG SOMETHING ON
ABBY GRANT FOR YEARS! SO YOU
FRAMED A MURDER ON HIM! YES-
PLANTING GRANT'S CARD WAS
SUCH AN OBVIOUS GAG, IT WAS
DUMB! YOU TRIED TO GET RYAN
TO DRINK SOME LIQUOR WITH
STRYCHNINE IN IT, BUT HE
WOULDN'T TUMBLE, SO
YOU CRACKED HIS SKULL
WITH A CHAIR!



HEY,
LAY
OFF!
WHAT'S
THE
IDEA,
LLOYD!

THESE GLASSES HAVE
YOUR FINGERPRINTS ON
THEM- YOU FORGOT TO
WIPE THEM OFF! AMA-
TEURS SHOULDN'T TRY
MURDER, BARNETT! BE-
FORE I'M THROUGH WITH
YOU, I'LL PROBABLY PROVE
YOU FED STRYCHNINE TO
JOE CURRY, TOO! LOCK HIM
UP, BOYS!

ALL THE HEADLINES, ALL THE INDICTMENTS
IN THE WORLD COULD NOT CONVINCE
GRANT'S SECRETARY, ANN WILLIAMS, THAT
GIL BARNETT HAD COMMITTED THE MUR-
DER! THE FOLLOWING MORNING SHE DID
HER BEST TO PROVE HIS INNOCENCE!



AH, THERE YOU ARE, LEWIS! COME
RIGHT IN -YOU, TOO, BUZZER! THAT WILL
BE ALL FOR NOW, MISS
WILLIAMS!



THEN WHILE BARNETT
WAS DOWN AT THE D.A.'S
OFFICE WITH ME, BUZZER
WAS OVER AT HIS FLAT
SWIPING THE GLASSES
WE PLANTED IN
BENNY RYAN'S
PLACE...

GRANT,
I'VE DE-
FENDED
YOU WHEN
I THOUGHT
YOU WERE
GUILTY-ONLY
BECAUSE I
TOOK YOUR
WORD FOR IT
THAT YOU WEREN'T-
BUT COUNT ME
OUT ON THIS
DEAL!



WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE TALKING
TO! DON'T YOU PULL ETHICS ON ME! SO
I DID POISON JOE CURRY! BUZZER KROY
AND I KILLED BENNY RYAN! NOW, I'D LIKE
TO KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE GOING TO
DO ABOUT IT...GO
TO THE COPS?

FOR CRYING OUT
LOUD, BOSS, PIPE
DOWN! YOU LEFT THE
SWITCH FOR THE
INTERCOM ON!

WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT,
KROY? I NEVER LEFT THAT
SWITCH ON!
SOMEBODY DID, BOSS!
I BETTER SEE WHAT
GOES ON OUTSIDE!



YOU PULLED A
CUTIE, EH, MISS
WILLIAMS? YOU
BEEN LISTENIN'
TO THINGS
YOU SHOULDN'T
HAVE HEARD!

THAT'S TOO BAD FOR
HER, BUZZER! I CAN'T
TAKE ANY CHANCES
OF HER REPEATING
WHAT I SAID IN
THERE! YOU KNOW
WHAT TO DO!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

YOU'RE COMING FOR A LITTLE RIDE OUT INTO THE COUNTRY WITH ME, BABY! I'M PUTTING THIS GUN INTO MY COAT POCKET, BUT IT'LL STILL BE POINTED RIGHT AT YOUR BACK! YOU LET OUT ONE PEEP, AND IT'LL BE YOUR LAST! NOW MARCH!

GRANT, I WON'T HAVE ANY PART OF THIS! YOU'VE GONE OUT OF YOUR MIND! OOH!

AAH... SHUT UP!



IS... IS IT ALL RIGHT IF I TURN DOWN MY WINDOW... I NEED SOME AIR!

KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF THAT WINDOW!



YOU NUTTY DAME! LET GO OF THE WHEEL—LOOK OUT! WE'RE GONNA CRASH!



I... I'M ALL RIGHT! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP GIL BARNETT! I'VE GOT IT ALL ON THIS CYLINDER... ABBY GRANT MURDERED THAT MAN—I HEARD HIM... I HELD THE DICTAPHONE TO THE INTERCOM ON MY DESK!

TAKE IT EASY, LADY! HEY! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE DRIVER? WHY DID HE RUN OFF?



LATER, AT GRANT'S OFFICE...

SHE YANKED THE WHEEL AND WE CRASHED, BOSS! THERE WAS A COP—I COULDN'T DO ANYTHING! LISTEN, THAT SKIRT RECORDED EVERYTHING YOU SAID ON THE DICTAPHONE! SHE HAD THE CYLINDER IN HER PURSE, AND HANDED IT TO THAT COP!

WE GOTTA SKIP, BUZZER! GET OVER TO THE AIRPORT AND BUY TWO TICKETS TO CUBA OR MEXICO! I'M GOING OVER TO THE BANK AND EMPTY MY VAULT! I'LL BE THERE IN AN HOUR!



A HALF AN HOUR LATER AT DISTRICT ATTORNEY LLOYD'S OFFICE...

SO I DID POISON JOE CURRY! BUZZER KROY AND I KILLED RYAN! NOW...

GRANT IS TO MEET BUZZER KROY AT THE AIRPORT! NOW, I REMEMBER I CAME HERE OF MY OWN FREE WILL!

SAVE IT, LEWIS! WILSON, TAKE ANOTHER MAN OUT TO THE AIRPORT! AND TAKE BARNETT WITH YOU! HE DESERVES A SCOOP ON THIS STORY!



STAY HERE, MONEY! THERE MAY BE TROUBLE!

THERE'S GRANT AND KROY OUT THERE ON THE FIELD! LET'S GET 'EM! IF ONE FLASHES A GUN—SHOOT TO KILL!



THEY FIRED! LET 'EM HAVE IT!

NEVER MIND! THEY'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THE WAY OF THAT PLANE COMING IN!

AHH!!!



I CAN'T FIGURE PEOPLE SOMETIMES, BARNETT! A LOT OF THEM LOOKED LIKE THEY WERE READY TO FAINT WHEN THE PLANE CRASHED INTO THEM! WHEN GRANT'S SUITCASE BROKE OPEN AND THE MONEY BEGAN TO FLY, THEY FORGOT THEIR HORROR IN THE MAD SCRAMBLE FOR THE LOOT!

YEAH! ALL I CAN HOPE FOR IS THAT AMONG THOSE PEOPLE ARE SOME OF THE CHUMPS WHO DROPPED THEIR HARD EARNED DOUGH IN GRANT'S BOOKIE JOINTS



THE END

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